

One of These Things is Not Like the Other

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One of These Things is Not Like the Other

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

I am still on season 1 of Hannibal, but I wanted to write a fic sooo bad. So here's an AU so I don't step on any toes.

William Graham was never quite like the other kids.

Not Like the Others

William Graham was never quite like the other kids. While everyone huddled around the teacher for story time, he liked to hide behind the cubbies with a much more 'entertaining' book. As he grew older, his behavior didn't change, no. In fact, it probably grew more extreme. He hated playground time and the dreaded whistle that meant it was over.

Many kids tried to be his 'friend' but he didn't want them to be.

"You smell like rotten cabbage." He told a girl named Alana Bloom who decided it might be a good idea to sit with him under the bleachers during one of those pitiful recesses.

The little girl looked heart broken. Her blue eyes clouded over with tears, but she didn't let a single one fall. Instead, she stood up gracefully and dusted off her shorts before walking towards the exit of the bleachers. She stepped out into the bright world that lied beyond his cold dark one. He watched her leave and join some other girls who were playing jump rope. They accepted her easily.

Will watched her go and sighed in relief when she was far away. It wasn't the fact that he didn't like other people. He just found them to be too...Loud? Annoying? Ignorant? He didn't quite know.

The little boy kept this attitude as he grew up. He got decent grades, he stayed away from drugs, and made himself as insignificant as possible. He went to college and studied law. His parents were so happy for him, but he was only doing it for them. It was as if he were on auto pilot the whole time.

There was one thing that he didn't mindlessly walk through though. While he was in college, he got a part time job at the local library. He didn't need the money. His parents were happy to pay for his tuition and living quarters. It was just the peacefulness of the library that drew him in. He put in an application and was hired the very next day.

An elderly lady with a cane greeted him when he arrived for his shift.

"Hello there, dear. You must be William, right?" She asked.

Her voice was quiet. Probably from working at a library for so long. Nevertheless, Will found it to be pleasant and nodded to her question.

The old lady smiled and extended a hand out. It wasn't in his direction however. No, it was in the opposite direction.

"If you will just come this way, I'll show you what you'll be doing." She said in her pleasant voice.

Will followed her as she led him over to several carts piled high with books.

“I need you to put all these books back on the shelves. I would do it myself, but I am getting a bit too old to bend down. Plus, some of the shelves are too high for me. Do you know the Dewey Decimal System?” She asked.

Will nodded once again.

The lady smiled brighter. “Perfect, I shall let you get to it then. I will be at the front desk if you need anything.” She hobbled away but suddenly stopped and turned around. “Where are my manners?! My name is Aldine Dryskel.”

For the first time that day, Will smiled at her. “I’m Will Graham, but of course you knew that.”

Aldine’s eyes lit up at seeing the small smile graze the man’s lips. “I’ll leave you to it then.”

When she left, Will grabbed the first cart and began pushing it to the first bookshelf he saw.

The work was tedious, but Will loved it very much. After the first week, he finally had all the books back on the shelves (excluding the regularly returned books of course) and Aldine set him up with placing bar codes on the newly arrived books and logging them in.

Will loved his job. He was very good at it, too.

Eventually, he finished college, but instead of quitting and becoming a lawyer, he continued working at the quiet little library. His parents were very unhappy with his decision.

“What was the point of college if you aren’t going to the skills you learned?!” His father yelled over the phone one day.

Will immediately hung up. He hated loud voices and his parents knew that. Later on, his mother called him.

“Willy, we are just worried that you are wasting your talents.” She whispered.

Will sighed. “I know that, but I can’t just leave Mrs. Dryskel alone. She can’t do my job. She’s too old.”

Will’s mother sighed in return.

“Okay, Will. You can continue working for her, but only until she gets another worker. Do you understand me?”

Will said ‘Yes’, but didn’t take it seriously.

The next day, he told Mrs. Dryskel about the situation.

“But I don’t want to do that.” Will told her.

She put an encouraging hand on his shoulder. Usually when people did this, he’d step out of their reach. But, her hands were kind, and she had been nice to him for all those years. “It’s okay, William. I’ll just make sure not to hire another person.”

Will smiled at her and he received a smile in return.

A few more years had passed and Will’s parents gave up on their attempts at getting him a different job. As Mrs. Dryskel’s only worker, he got paid very nicely, and Will began living on his own without his parent’s help.

Then came the dreaded visit.

Will was now 25 and his parents had invited him over for Thanksgiving. He was hesitant at first, but eventually went. He had planned his trip with Mrs. Dryskel and he would only be gone two days.

When he arrived at his parent’s house, they welcomed him with hugs.

“Oh my! You’ve grown so much!” His mother said.

“But he’s grown into a handsome young man!” His father added.

Will brushed off their comments and set his bag in his old room. It was exactly as he left it. The walls were a sky blue color and the floor was decorated with a beige carpet. There were no posters on the walls, but there were various journals that documented his thoughts in the first drawer of his desk.

The first day went by slowly as did the next morning. The second afternoon of his stay, he helped set the table for the upcoming feast.

Just as they were about to dig into their food, the doorbell rang. Will looked at his mother in confusion but she stood up with a smile on her face and went to open the front door. She came back a minute later with a woman.

Said woman took a seat next to Will.

“Will, this is Alana Bloom. Her parents are out of town so I invited her over to eat with us.”

Will looked at Alana in surprise.

“Oh, we know each other Mrs. Graham.” Alana said. “Will told me I smelled like a cabbage when we were in grade school.”

Both of Will's parents gave him a stunned look.

"Actually, I think he said something else. Do you remember, Will?" Alana asked faking ignorance.

"I said you smelled like a rotten cabbage." Will said plainly.

Will's mother gasped. "William Graham! How dare you say something like that to Alana?!"

Alana bursted out laughing. "It's okay, Mrs. Graham. I was just teasing. That is water under the bridge."

That seemed to sooth both of the parents and they sat down.

"So, Will, do I still smell like rotten cabbage?" She asked.

"No."

'Yes.'

Will shushed his thoughts.

"Good."

And thus, everyone began eating.

Like a Sickness

Chapter Notes

My laptop was taken from me halfway through this chapter, so I had to switch to my phone. I really don't like how this ended. I might edit it in the morning.

For now, Enjoy.

P.S.: I also upped the rating and added some tags.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The meal went by relatively well. The only hiccup was when Will's father spilled his glass of wine but it was easily cleaned up. Suddenly, Will wasn't as okay.

Alana had moved her hand from her napkin to his knee. Will tried to move his leg away, but there was only so much he could do without being noticed. The last thing he needed was to draw attention to himself. He tried catching Alana's eye to give her a sign to stop, but the woman looked straight at Will's father as he told the story on how he met Will's mother.

Will felt the hand move from his knee to his thigh and he jerked his leg away. Sadly, this caught his mother's attention.

"Willy, are you okay?" She asked concerned.

Will nodded quickly and tried to rustle up a smile. "I'm fine, it's just restless legs."

The youngest Graham was glad when his mother believed him. However, he felt the hand on his thigh give a small squeeze. As a last ditch effort, he pushed the hand away, but it returned in a higher position.

Will sighed.

"So, Alana, what have you been doing in your life?" His mother asked.

Alana smiled and began telling her tale. Will tuned her out quickly. Her hand started moving back and forth on his leg and it seemed right when her story reached its ending, her hand darted up and groped his crotch.

The sound of his knee banging against the table shocked everyone.

Will darted out of his seat and rubbed his knee. "Sorry, everyone. It was just a leg spasm. I'll just...go."

He was up the stairs before anyone realized what had happened. Will found himself in the bathroom. Suddenly, he was leaning over the toilet and puking up the food he had just consumed. Her touch was repulsive. When his stomach was empty, he decided to take a shower and go to bed. The night had been a disaster. Hopefully, a boiling hot shower would erase the feeling of her hands on him.

He felt better when he stepped out of the shower. He felt clean.

With a towel wrapped around his waist, he was to his room across the hall and locked the door behind him. When he turned around, he saw the source of his discomfort sitting on the edge of his bed. And she was naked.

“Alana, what are you doing in here?! Where are your clothes?! Get out!” He hissed.

She dismissed his words and crossed her legs. “Why did you run, Will? I was enjoying our game.”

If Will had not just emptied his stomach, he would have puked all over her. “I wasn’t. Now leave!”

Alana smiled in a way that was probably supposed to look seductive, but, to Will, it just looked like she was in pain.

"Oh don't try to fool me William. I know you liked it. Why else would you have taken a shower?" She said standing and walking over to him.

"Please, Alana. Just leave." Will pleaded as he took a step back. "I don't like you in that way."

Alana laughed and took the final step that forced Will's back to touch the wall. He tried to keep a hand out to ward her off while the other one held tightly to the towel around his waist. Alana easily stepped closer. She grabbed his outstretched hand and placed it on her breast. Will tried to take his hand away, but she dug one of her long nails into his wrist.

"Come on, Will. You like that don't you?"

Said man felt something rise up in his throat and he released his hold on the towel to cover his mouth. Just in time, too. Bile flew out of his mouth and onto his hand. His stomach rolled.

Alana shrieked in surprise as some of it landed on her uncovered chest. Will's other hand was released and he fell to his knees as his stomach lurched again. He barely noticed as Alana hastily put her clothes on and basically ran down the stairs.

The sound of the front door slamming shut resonated throughout the house.

Will ran back into the bathroom and took an even hotter shower as he dry heaved. He didn't know why the touch of Alana provoked this type of reaction from him, but he chose not to dwell on it. He was more hesitant to go back into his room, but toughened up and walked in anyway. Thankfully, no one was in there.

He dressed himself quickly in pajamas and got ready for bed. He didn't plan to see his parents again that night, but luck was never on his side.

A tentative knock sounded on the door and Will peaked out slowly. His mother stood on the other side.

"William, can I come in?" She asked quietly.

The question only had one correct answer so Will opened the door more so his mother could come in. She patted his shoulder before sitting on his desk chair.

"Willy, sweetheart, can you tell me what happened with Alana?" She asked.

Will shook his head. Just thinking about it made his stomach churn.

His mother sighed. "What kind of stain is that?" She asked pointing to where Will's hand couldn't cover his mouth well enough.

"Vomit." He whispered.

The woman nodded and walked out only to return a handful of seconds later with a rag and a spray bottle. Will watched as she scrubbed at the stain. Neither one of them said a word. When Mrs. Graham was finished with the stain, she walked over to where Will was standing and placed the back of her hand on his forehead.

"You don't feel warm." She said confused.

Will pushed her hand away causing her to give him a sympathetic look.

"I can get you some medicine if you want?" She suggested.

Will shook his head. "I just want to sleep."

His mother sighed and went to the door. "Sleep tight." She said as she left.

The second she was gone, Will locked his door and curled up on his bed. He didn't even realize he was crying at first until a sob wracked his body. What was he crying for? He didn't know.

Chapter End Notes

Would this be considered rape? I'm not sure, but I might change the tags again if it is.

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